

L I F E

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Speaking from Left to Right

REV. GENT—My good man, have you considered your future life?

OLD BILL —If you knows of a better LIFE than this, go to it!

WE fear Old Bill was a little too brusque; good as this LIFE is, some future LIFE *may* be better, and it's well to consider the contingency. Who knows what the next ten weeks will bring forth?

HAVE you an Old Bill in your home? Or a New Bill? A bill of any age will do, as a matter of fact, so long as it's worth One Dollar (\$1). Should such wealth be yours, attach it to the Coupon down below, and in the words of the Anecdote up above —
GO TO IT!

Dear LIFE:

I CONSIDER
that I want to assure
my future LIFE for 10
weeks at least. (\$1.20 in
Canada; \$1.40 abroad.)

Yours for a trial offer,

245

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)

Life

Lines in a Soviet Garden

SUN on the land, where perfumes
call;
Shadows along my garden lie;
The graves are green by the old
stone wall:
Ah, what a gorgeous day to die!

* * *

I ate my caviar to-day,
Counting the eggs in idle joy,
Dreaming the purple light away,
Golden my thoughts, without alloy.

Yvonne is there beneath the sod,
Olga, Heiensi, Mascha Mine;
Olga's mound is a trifle odd,
It throws the whole row out of
line.

You are so sweet, dear Evavitch,
So fair! So young! And so were
these.

But most of them were much too
rich;
And then, besides, I wanted ease.

Dear Evavitch, your lilting name,
Your sad, sad eyes, with diamonds
wet;
The sun slants through your hair like
flame:
I think I'd better kill you, Pet!

* * *

Sun on the land, where perfumes
call;
Here in the garden we were wed
in,
The graves are green by the old
stone wall:
God, what a day to be quite dead
in!

W. D.



The Traveler: Yes, I spent a year in Russia. You have no idea how frightful conditions are.

The Listener: Isn't it dreadful? And what is the outlook in regard to caviar?



Whispers to Wives

As to the Head of the House

WHEN the fine old masterful man was in fashion he accepted Household Lordship as having been handed down to him straight from Heaven. A wife of those days, with meekly parted hair, sat submissive beside him and heard him give his own orders to trembling retainers. This was the period when, with his foot upon his massive hearth-rug, and his back absorbing all the fire, a gentleman might have called himself MacGregor, or anything else he pleased, without fear of contradiction.

He affects nowadays, particularly in America, to have been superseded. With the gesture of a Cyrano he turns over the household affairs to "the Missus," "the lady-wife," "the little woman," to—in fact—Mrs. MacGregor. He pretends this is because the battle-ground of business calls him, as Chieftain, from the peace of home-bowers. The real fact is that office-life is full of lovely leisure and ministered to by sweet girl graduates, while running a house has become a giant's task.

Mrs. MacGregor assumes it because she must. Full well, however, does the dauntless creature know the tricks and manners of her spouse. She is aware that he leaves affairs to her only in so far as to make her a shield and buckler between him and

trouble. It is now her lot to deal with retainers who, far from trembling themselves, produce trembling in others; with domestic conditions which are ever more conditional and less domestic.

To her, of course, MacGregor still plays the Chieftain. "Tell that confounded woman to put some starch in my evening shirts! I'd speak to her myself, but I'm afraid of losing my temper," says he. "Certainly, dear," says she, knowing that at first sight of the laundress (a stout, reddish female with a fiery eye) he would indeed lose every atom of temper. So, simulating his awe-inspiring authority for purposes of intimidation, as the Japanese put on horrible masks to alarm their enemies, she deals with the soapsuds' Queen. And while that good woman goes off murmuring, "The Master must be a Holy Terror," the initiated know that Mrs. MacGregor, with clammy hands, is only wishing to the Lord he would be! C. D.

Another Way of Saying "Loafing"

TIM: I got fired from the boiler factory to-day.

JIM: Why?

TIM: Oh, the boss said I didn't make enough noise.

A Russian Child's Truck Garden of Verses

Bed in Summer

IN winter I get up at night
And dress in case of sudden flight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I hide behind the bed and pray.

I hide behind the bed in faith
No Bolshevik will do me scathe,
The while the dum-dum bullets fleet
Go whining past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
This misery I must go through?
I'd much prefer my humble lot
Were that of any heedless tot.

A Thought

It is very nice to think
How other folks have meat and drink,
Though thinking, when *you* haven't
food,
Is not so very, very good.

Rain

The rain is raining all around,
A hail of bullets fine,
And if I don't stay underground,
I'll probably get mine.

Happy Thought

Our land is so full of a number of
Reds,
I'm sure we are fortunate still to
have heads.

Bombs

I saw you blow the kikes on high,
And toss the mujiks to the sky;
And all around I heard the crash
Of buildings gone to utter smash—
O bombs exploding all day long,
O bombs that decimate the throng!

I saw the ruin that you wrought,
The works of men you set at naught.
I felt your blast, I heard your blare,
You sent me sailing through the air—
O bombs, exploding all day long,
O bombs that decimate the throng.

O you who only can obey
Your masters, tell me, who are they?
Are they strange beasts, unchained
and free,

Or children not so wise as me?
O bombs, exploding all day long,
O bombs that decimate the throng.

H. W. H.

The National Pastime

JANE always insisted that she wanted to share all my pleasures. I was not quite so sure about it, but diplomacy has its uses, so I said nothing.

At length it became impossible to postpone again taking her to the ball game. I drew a long breath, muttered a prayer for guidance, and gave in.

"That man out there on the mound is called the pitcher. He pitches," I began.

"That man with the bat—with the club—is the batter. He hits the ball. . ."

"Why?" asked Jane.

"It doesn't matter," I continued. "He didn't hit it. If he had succeeded, however, he would have run towards that sack, which is called first base, and if he gets there before the ball he is safe."

"But I thought you said this game was not dangerous," Jane objected.

"Only to otherwise happy marriages," I responded.

"Oh!" said Jane.

"If a man gets to first base," I resumed, "the succeeding batters try to advance him by hitting the ball. If he goes all the way around, past second and third bases, and reaches home plate without being put out, a run is scored for his team.

"When three men are put out, the other side comes to the bat, and when each side has had nine turns at bat the game is over. The team that makes the most runs wins.

"Is that clear?" I asked.

"Perfectly," Jane assured me. "But one thing I don't understand."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Why is it," Jane queried, "why is it that the men wear mittens only on one hand? It seems so silly."

A senile judge decided that my subsequent remarks constituted mental cruelty.

J. K. M.

Proverbs from the Russian

A SWITCH in time may save Lenine.

* * *

You can't eat your caviar and enjoy it, too.

* * *

A friend in need is usually a Bolshevik.

* * *

A rolling stone gathers in no Muscovite.

* * *

All that is gold embitters.

* * *

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees no plot thickened, or no bomb begun.

Righto!

HEY: What percentage of the people do you think are really "dry"?

DEY: No more than one-half of one per cent.



The Visiting Team Gets a Lift from a Fan



Bolshevik Bugs



Bolshevik Primer

Elementary Training for Muscovite Minors in Proper Russian Expression and Feeling



Word Lesson



SA-BO-TAGE

CAP-I-TAL-IST



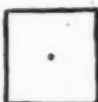
FOOD

PRO-LE-TAR-I-AT



BOMB

ROU-BLE



SOAP

BRO-THER-HOOD



Advanced Reading

How Nikita Gogol Saved Little Russia



NIKITA GOGOL trudged along the path flanking the dyke that separated the Baltic from Little Russia, his homeland. Although his father had given him a well-placed kick and a tin can to be filled with kvass at the nearest *Platz*, nevertheless Nikita rejoiced in the sere, yellow tulips, the weather-beaten irrigation ditches and the grey, streaked sky. It was his country, Nikita thought, and intelli-

gent as he was, he had a smouldering affection for it.

As he trudged along, happily singing a sad song about a deserted wife slowly starving to death, he noticed a trickle of muddy water making its sluggish way across his path. "Oh," thought Nikita Gogol, "the dyke has sprung a leak!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Nikita shoved his thumb into the dyke and plugged the leak. The water stopped trickling.

Thirty seconds later, a man-eating shark patrolling the other side of the embankment bit off Nikita's thumb. At the same time, a neighboring windmill collapsed, burying him under its ruins. In the terrible inundation which followed, thousands of lives were lost.

Robertoff Brusnieff and the Spider

AS ROBERTOFF BRUSNIEFF, hiding in a deserted barn from the Tartars, lay in the mouldy hay, he sourly nursed his lacerated feelings. Unconscious of his presence, a spider spun her fragile web.

Bitterness eating his heart, Brusnieff the warrior watched her. Finally he rose to his feet. "Ha," he muttered, "here, at least, is something I can defeat."

With a hard palm, he crushed the unobtrusive insect to the plaster wall.

As the pale sun sank into oblivion behind the drab horizon, Robertoff Brusnieff, leader of men, died in horrible agony.

The spider had bitten back.



Arithmetic



Ready Reckoner

*Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
But the Povarish alone.
He is lucky, so to speak,
If he linger through a week.*

Examples

How much is 4378 times 17730 roubles? (Ans. \$00.08 U. S.)

A workman works twelve hours in one hundred thirty-two days. Labor prices are 50 roubles for the first three hours, 60 roubles for the next two and twenty roubles for every hour after that. What does the workman get? (Ans. Shot.)

What do two Red factions divided by mutual disfavor equal? (Ans. One small massacre.)

Extra Examples

Let Y equal the Soviet treasury and let X equal Premier Lenine. How often will X go into Y? How much will remain over?

Multiplication Table

1 eye = 1 eye
1 tooth = 1 tooth
1 hand = 1 hand
1 foot = 1 foot
2 guns = 5 bombs
5 bombs = 1 machine gun
2 machine guns = one more revolution

Sight Reading

See the work-man? Oh, I see the work-man all right.

What is the work-man do-ing? Not much of any-thing.

Why is not the work-man work-ing? Why is not the work-man—what! Do not ask fool ques-tions.

When will the work-man work? He won't.

What would the work-man be called if the work-man would work? He would be called a cap-i-tal-ist.

If the work-man were a cap-i-tal-ist, would he be shot? He would, and serve him right, too.

Am I a cap-i-tal-ist? Yes, con-sarn you!

Shall I be shot? You cer-tain-ly ought to be.

First Catechism

Q. What is a Bolshevik? A. A Bolshevik is the only kindly, humane, peace-loving, God-fearing, innocent, decent, respectable, industrious citizen in the world.

Q. What is a capitalist? A. A capitalist is an unscrupulous crook. A capitalist is the vicious oppressor of the gentle Bolshevik.

Q. What is Russia suffering from? A. Russia is suffering from unfair discrimination, organized persecution, international suppression, unwarranted prejudice, unjust suspicion and malicious unrecognition.

Q. What will save Russia? A. Nothing will save Russia but German intelligence and American money.

H. W. H.



Doris: You know, Aunt Grace, every time mamma makes me go to bed early I love her just *twice* as much less.

The Deaths of Lenine

SINCE the public has naturally become somewhat confused by Lenine's frequent deaths in that far-off Russia, the date and cause of each is hereby chronologically arranged for the convenience of the reader:

September 24, 1921. Was trying to convert a Russian capitalist to the Soviet way of thinking. Instead, slipped and fell on the knife himself.

November 15, 1921. Found one pound of gold in confiscated dwelling. Told attendant to figure out value in roubles and was told it would take six months to do so, and by that time values would have changed. Burst a blood vessel and died shortly afterwards.

December 25, 1921. Was asked to furnish a free Christmas dinner to Bolshevik poor. Went to banquet after refusing request and died of overeating.

February 20, 1922. Basket of poisoned fruit sent him by an enemy. His last words were, "I et two, Brute."

April 1, 1922. Three days before had hair cut, thinking spring had come. Died from pneumonia after brief illness.

May 2, 1922. Retired American bootlegger, Soviet favorite, presented him with case of rare old vodka, twenty years in the wood. Too much wood, apparently, for he died soon afterwards.

June 1, 1922. Tried lighting cigarette with fuse of bomb as they do in motion picture comedies.

July 31, 1922. Committed suicide after reading his own obituary notices.

T. H. L.

Necessities of Life

MEADE: Have you noticed any decrease in the cost of living?

READE: None at all. It still costs seventy-five cents.

All Those in Favor, Say Nothing

SILENCE is golden, chiefly because it is so rare. There is altogether too much talking going on. Congressmen talk too much, reformers talk too much, politicians talk too much, motion picture actresses talk too much; flappers, drink fiends, pugilists, lawyers, society leaders, tourists, plumbers, wives, husbands, children, old folks—even spirits talk too much. The category is endless.

What we need is a lingual holiday, a national Silence Day to clear the air. On a settled day—preferably somewhere in the hot summer months—everybody would refrain from all except absolutely necessary remarks, such as "Pass the butter, please," or "Have you an aisle seat left down in front?" or "Listen, your petticoat shows," or "Thank you."

Such an observance would be bound to have a wholesome spiritual effect. Quiet would descend as a serene benediction on the nerves. The energy ordinarily dissipated in idly disturbing the atmosphere, would be conserved for salutary thought and introspection. Palaver would become purpose. Talkers all over would get a chance to size themselves up and have a good laugh. Everybody would feel more kindly disposed towards everybody else. Husbands would discern in their wives something of the sweet, demure girl who won their earlier affections. Romance would flourish. Life would flow smoothly. Good will, good humor and good nature would reign far and wide.

Once people get to realize how little they really have to say, the less talking they will want to do, thereafter, to say it.

We already have a holiday in the interest of noise; why not one for silence?

E. J. K.

Russian Exchange

Russian roubles are the rage
Among the gay and funny,
They use them now upon the stage
Because they look like money.
Each vaudevillian has his jest
And nightly "puts it ovah"
Yet, though I laugh with all the rest,
I can't forget Pavlova.

The rouble! why, it's sunk so low
Its status is atomic,
Which is, as all gag-writers know,
Superlatively comic.
A dollar buys a million now
And yet, with all our money,
I cannot help but ask, somehow,
Was Chaliapin so sunny?

The rouble, say our Wall Street men
Who put it rather neatly,
Will probably decline again
And disappear completely.
But if it really has to be,
Let's gulp the bitter bolus
And hie us to the Chauve-Souris
Where Balieff will console us.

G. S. C.



Life



Lines

THAT Ford-for-President boom
you heard down the road was
only a blowout.

The trouble with most of our summer resorts is not so much the heat as the stupidity.

The world is confronted with many grievous problems. But still, we should like to know when the American polo teams are to play for the rotogravure section championship.

Commissioner Enright pinned gold shields on sixty-one New York policemen the other day. It is understood that he will now spend a month in the mountains, recuperating.

If the hold-ups continue, New York will have to change its name to "The Crimea."

Suggested motto for Congress: Duty others as they would duty you.

The language used in the tariff debate may not be parliamentary, but it certainly is congressional.

The man who is always "nearly working himself to death" rarely succumbs—he gets so much relaxation telling the world about it.

The newspapers claim that the bonus hasn't many supporters. Nevertheless, their name also is Legion.

The proper length of a woman's skirt seems to depend upon the height of indiscretion.

Many people lay the blame for the present unsettled state of affairs to the fact that the Ship of State has been in dry dock for two years. 2658

Now that it has become the fashion for our leading industries to appoint a dictator, we nominate William Jennings Bryan as supreme boss of the bootlegging industry.

The Railroad Labor Board seems to be a sort of Public Utilities Commission.

To the man who has forgotten his flask, the ice in the ginger ale isn't what it was cracked up to be.

In spite of our national habit of joining lodges, we notice that most people are gradually deserting Henry Cabot Lodge.

Anarchism may be rampant, Bolshevism gaining ground, labor unrest waxing greater every day, but we can thank a benign Providence that the blight of the "You tell 'ems" is on the wane.

Word comes from the St. Lawrence River that it has been particularly popular with honeymooning couples this summer. Canoebial bliss?

Marriage is a great life if you don't waken.

Those New York policemen who run amuck after drinking bootleg liquor should be ordered to pinch themselves to make sure they are not dreaming.

Speaking of advertising slogans—there's the man who smokes Camels for

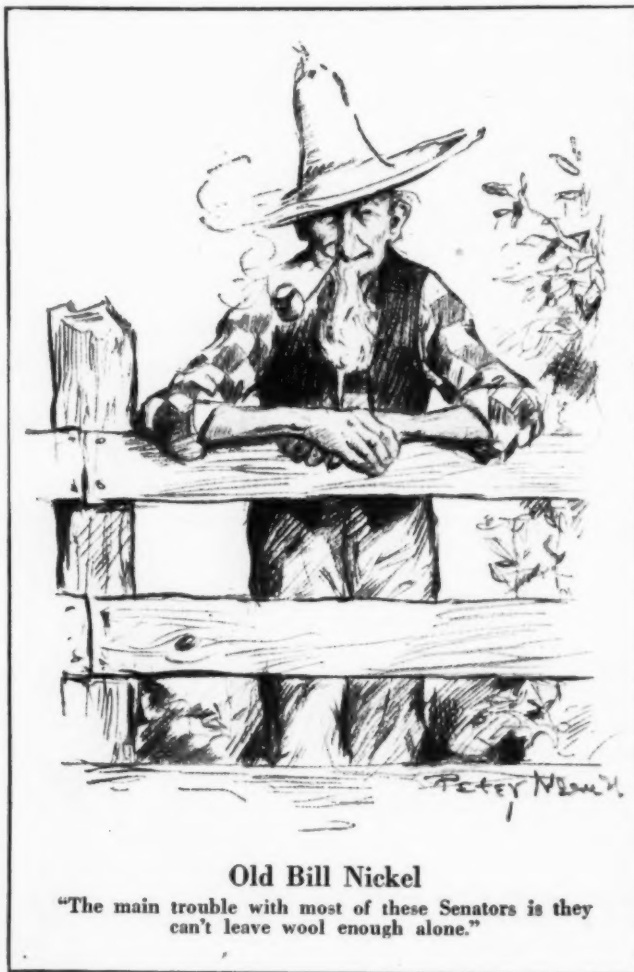
the exercise.

If you must rise early, be sure you are a bird and not a worm.

What this country needs most is a Statute of Liberty.

All that litters is not literary.

The Laugh of a Lifetime—Next Week, in the Sunday Edition.



Old Bill Nickel

"The main trouble with most of these Senators is they can't leave wool enough alone."

H. G. Wells, M. P., will probably introduce some novel ideas in Parliament.

Many war brides who plunged into matrimony in 1917 are now in favor of a uniform divorce law.

At least J. Barleycorn can boast of having attained the ideal of representation without taxation.

The Wages of Cinema

ANOTHER ten years, now, and these movie subtitles will revolutionize our language. We'll speak familiarly of the "searing breath of Fate" as though it were something we took every day at the barber's; and the youngest of us will brush himself off after falling down the last step, and remark: "But life is like that."

Take the commonest thing to have happen, say a divorce; and after the movies have shown us how for a decade, we'll find ourselves unconsciously clasping our recently severed helpmate back into our legally separated arms, merely because a little golden-haired child happened to run across our path and skip down to a pool of water. We'll murmur together: "And two Sad Hearts were reunited, and two Drooping Lips met again," whether the golden-haired child is really any relation to us or not. It's all the influence of the subtitles: it affects even the commonest things. . . .

"Spring came again to the little valley—spring with its healing breath of sunshine," suggested my wife just before the hot weather; and I admit the pair she held up *were* moth-eaten.

"The passing year had brought a change to Aberdeen," I agreed, and we boarded a car together.

"All the cards are stacked against you," I said as I paid the fare to the guard. I needed a transfer.

"Life isn't in playing good cards; it lies in playing a bad hand well," he replied with a beautiful smile; and I knew he had seen the same motion picture that I had.

"After all, life is like a woman; you never know what it's going to do next," I smiled back pleasantly; and it got him laughing so hard he couldn't answer me for several minutes.

"No—for my sake—for our sake—I must keep my pledge," I called to my wife, and we got off the car.

"When Youth and Ambition walked hand-in-hand and all Life was

ahead," she agreed, and led me into a new department store.

"And now the shadows lifted, and the Lovers faced the dawn of a new day." I pointed to a special sale of men's light-weights.

"He will stick to you faithfully through thick or thin," objected my wife; and I agreed with her, the size *was* small.

"Army Planes in Trial Test at Moshulu, Wisconsin!" she suggested, handing me several pairs.

"Night came to hide the deed from the eyes of man," I said, giving them to the girl to be wrapped. She looked blank for a moment.

"Can de sob-stuff," I repeated, insistently. "It's a double-cross. He's gonna be strung."

She gazed a moment more, then her face flashed understanding. "And you would pay me off—with money!" she screamed, and drew out her revolver and shot at me. I was delighted; that was just the way the picture had ended. C. H. F.



"The leading man isn't as good in this scene as he was in the love scene you shot yesterday."

"Oh, he's learned since then that the star is the director's wife."



Waiter: No need, sir, to wipe off the plate in this restaurant.

Guest: Beg pardon, force of habit. I'm an umpire.

It Is to Yawn

YESTERDAY in the subway I had to yawn. So I yawned; a great healthy yawn that lasted till my jaws cracked behind my ears. I think we used to call it a gap.

I remember that there was a stout gentleman opposite me at the time. Immediately after I had finished he appeared to be struggling over something, and he tried to clench his teeth. In vain; his jaws flew open with a snap, an embarrassed hand flung up before his mouth, and he yawned.

I shifted my gaze rather guiltily. An elderly lady had been watching him; now she commenced to frown, she wriggled uncomfortably; a moment later a gloved hand raised "The Atlantic Monthly" like a screen, and I knew she was yawning behind it. Conscience-stricken, I looked away.

A large person beside me, who had a kindly look about her, was wriggling pitifully. My worst fears

were realized. Her eyes filled with tears; her lips twitched; she grew red. Her struggle was primitive; and only a little white handkerchief concealed her bitter failure.

Then a pleasant old clergyman watched me reproachfully, wrinkled his face, fidgeted, took a deep breath, and yawned inside. His gray eyes haunted me. A stout salesman yawned frankly, and glared at me.

I left the car. I left the train, three stations too early, because the guard was yawning and I couldn't understand what he said. Next time at least I shall wait till the subway is an elevated, and there's air.

C. H. F.

SOMETIMES all the early bird gets is up.

* * *

To the pure all towns are Hollywood.

* * *

It's hard to keep a good man quiet about it.

The Elfin Secret

UNDER the roses, all dew-sprinkled,
Under the asters, bright and wrinkled,
Throngs of elves skip, bright and small;
While sunbeams shine and rain-drops fall.

Past the brook, around the plain,
'Neath the tree, they're back again;
Why do they laugh and jump on toes?

They have a secret no one knows.

Past the roses, all dew-sprinkled,
Past the asters, bright and wrinkled,
Go to the brook some summ'ry day
And watch the shadows at their play.

Watch for bees and birds about
And you will find their secret out.
M. M.



Sue: Jim certainly has lots of *sang froid*.

Lou: Oh, is he interested in psychoanalysis?

A Caddie Canard

ALMOST without a dissenting vote the sporting writers have drawn a lesson from the victory of Gene Sarazen, former caddie, over all comers at Skokie. It is that all caddies henceforth may look forward to the day when they, too, will be crowned the champion golfer of America.

This is dangerous doctrine. It is like telling boys they stand a chance of becoming President of the United States. Those who believe that set to work d'ligently preparing themselves for the high calling and are promptly rendered null and void so far as the business at hand is concerned.

It is the same with caddies, only worse. Caddies should not be taught that they may become champions. It spoils them. It makes them lose balls, break clubs, drop bags and forget to replace divots. It would be bad enough if it were true, but it isn't

even that. We know at least eleven caddies intimately who stand no more chance of becoming America's champion golfer than we do.

If a caddie is destined to become champion, it were far better that he should do so by surprise, without warning and with no chance to prepare. What he was yesterday and what he may be to-morrow should not concern him. It is what he is to-day that counts. So long as he keeps his eye on the ball, rescues it from the pond, tosses it back from out of bounds, gives us the right club at the right time, tells us the lay of the land on the blind holes, keeps the foursome ahead from playing our ball, and lifts the pin without having to be reminded, nothing else matters.

Young men may see visions and old men dream dreams, but it is not fitting that caddies be encouraged in these pastimes. It lowers our rating on the home course.

F. W.

The Comrade Speaks

I'M a wild, or Russian, Bolshevik. With manners rough and rude, I swear 'most ev'ry time I speak, My table-talk is crude; I curse out kings and queens and such,

And drop bombs in their soup; I think it funny as a crutch To see them loop the loop. And as for rich aristocrats, I lead them quite a dance. (Frankly, I bat 'em in the slats, What time I get the chance.) For do you think that I would change My kopeks for their dollars, That I would give my kerchief strange

For all their linen collars, That I'd eschew my simple fare To chew their costly food, And lap up all their liquors rare? YOU BET YOUR LIFE I WOULD!

A. C. M. A.



"When do you expect your husband back?"
"When I least expect him."



Sounder Discards the Stars and Stripes

In Favor of the Newer School of Oratory

WASHINGTON, August 29.—For some little time I have realized that my work has not been up to top form. No matter how feelingly I referred to the fair flag of our motherland, or how earnestly I beat my breast in 100% Americanism, my speeches failed to hold my audience.

For a while

I thought the trouble was with my digestion, which has been a little off ever since a dinner at the White House last month, when, just between you and me, the mayonnaise wasn't quite right. But in spite of consuming yeast cakes by the gross and positively bushels of raisins, neither my digestion nor my oratory returned to normal.

Then in listening to Senator Watson of Georgia one day, the truth dawned on me. Senatorially speaking, the Stars and Stripes are obsolete; Americanism, which used to net us 100% returns, isn't good for more than 15% now.

In short, the younger men in the Senate, with their disregard of time-honored procedure, have built up an entirely new school of public speaking.



"This afternoon, Gunboat Watson, the Georgia hurricane, willing to meet all comers."

But I am not the man to be left behind. Determined to bring myself up to date at once, I made a careful analysis of recent issues of the *Congressional Record*. Taking the speeches on the tariff, for instance, I worked out the tabulation that appears elsewhere on this page.

When I really get into the swing of the new movement I feel confident of being able to wrest the leadership away from Tom Watson, although at the present writing he is 47 insults and 22 challenges ahead of his nearest competitor. But in the defense I have prepared of the Ship Subsidy bill I feel that I have equalled anything yet put forward by him. In this brilliant plea I prove that all newspapers hostile to the bill are controlled by some powerful advertisers, that all senators questioning my facts are liars, and that I will meet any of them outside.

My influence

is already making itself felt. Already the practical man, I have offered a bill designating the little-used room of the Committee on Patents as the "outside" to which the speakers are constantly referring.

At present if two Senators wish to take each other up on that little meeting outside, they might spend half the day looking for each other round the Capitol. It's just as well to have everything understood beforehand.

If the committee room meetings are at all successful I should advocate moving them to the rotunda and

opening them, at a modest fee, to the public.

We could take in quite a bit of revenue for the Government with some such bill as "To-day at 3 P. M. for the championship of the Federal Reserve Board: Sailor Glass vs. Spider Heflin, 10 rounds; referee, C. Coolidge"; or, "Double attraction to-day; Biff Lenroot vs. Gunboat Watson, the Georgia Hurricane; and Battling Willis vs. Kid Caraway, the Arkansas Wonder."

Sounder.



"Might spend half the day looking for each other."

Speeches on tariff.....	10,561
Important facts brought out.....	*†2
Other facts	6,937,833
Insults offered (earned and unearned).....	4,072
Insults retracted	4,072
Prominent personages assaulted.....	55,123
Offers to meet senators outside.....	3,219
Offers accepted	0

* That it is the best tariff bill ever written.

† That it is the worst tariff bill ever written.



AUGUST 31, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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NOW that Cork is captured, Ireland looks for peace.

So the papers tell us, and soon may she find it!

One could well bear that as many of the Irish as enjoy fighting should fight with one another as long as they enjoyed it, if it were not for the consequences to the more pacific people. The South Irish, including 400,000 who lately were Unionists, have not enjoyed being harried and murdered by the irregular Republicans, and have doubtless been much bothered by having their part of the country in the throes of civil war, even when they were able to avoid being driven out of their homes. To them, peace, and possibly some reparations, will be highly acceptable, and it is time they had it.

Ireland has been having a painful experience of the inconvenience of political wilfulness when it outruns its errand. So long as Irish wilfulness was united in opposition to British rule, it had a purpose that was respected, whatever one might think of its methods, but since the extreme element has been just as active against the Free State as it was against England, what used to have a standing as fervent patriotism, has stood out as a dangerous and highly objectionable form of lunacy. Even before they pinched the cables at Waterville the Irish Republicans were rated as a world nuisance, but since that exploit they have been about as popular as rattlesnakes at a picnic.

It does not do to inconvenience too large a section of society too much. Society is slow to act and will bear a good deal of teasing, but its patience is not inexhaustible, and when public opinion, which is the voice of society, turns definitely

against any group of agitators or rebels, it usually means that they are beaten.

So opinion has turned in Ireland against the marauding Republicans. They had to be thrashed into obedience to a government supported by a substantial majority of the Irish people. The proof that the majority was substantial lay in its ability to thrash rebels and restore public order. That job seems well on towards completion. That it has been troublesome is not to be wondered at. For seven centuries to be "agin the government" has been rated as a virtue in Ireland, and the habit was bound to persist in a good many Irish minds, no matter what the government might be.



IT is true in strikes quite as much as in political rebellions that it does not do to inconvenience too large a section of society too much. Everybody that has to do with the coal and railroad strikes, which are still, at this writing, in progress, should keep that solemn truth in mind. The trainmen of the Santa Fé who abandoned trains in the desert, seemed to have forgotten it. People who occupy positions of trust can always make trouble by abusing their position and being false to their trust. That was what the Santa Fé trainmen did. The comfort, and indeed the lives of passengers were entrusted to their care. They had a duty to them quite independent of their obligations to the road. To that duty they were false, and they figure accordingly in the public eye as quitters. Whether it is trainmen, gun-men, coal men, road-hogs, or politicians, people who make nui-

sances of themselves do not succeed even in this life. Men go along a certain distance and presently they are abated, just as those silly airmen were who ran their noisy airplanes the other day close over where the President was speaking. There are a lot of people in the current world who have no sense either of duty or of manners, and whom the command of modern mechanisms enables to be great annoyances to their neighbors. In motor boats and airplanes with noise, in motor-cars with speed and smoke, they make their petty abrasions of the peace, until presently they run into something or someone that is hard and are disposed of.

The very price of living comfortably on this earth is to let other people live comfortably also, and to provide, as far as one may, that they shall. That does not mean that the coal operators should yield everything to the miners, or the railroad managers to the shopmen, or France to Germany and England. It only means that in all disputes it should be expected that everybody concerned shall go on living, and a settlement should be sought that is consistent with contentment for all hands. We are told that the fiscal troubles of Europe—what Germany can pay, what France should accept, and all that—could be worked out by experts in a week if the politicians (including Poincaré and Lloyd George) could accept their findings. But they can't unless their governments will agree to it. A prime-minister can't agree to something that will turn him out of office. Neither can a labor leader or a railroad president, or a boss coal operator. They are all tied up more or less to their organizations, and it is that that makes the percolation of sense into settlements so slow.

E. S. M.



"What a perfectly ideal country America would be under Soviet rule!"
"Yes, Serge, but who would feed us then?"



Uncle Sam: He sure does dance—but h



nce—but he doesn't seem to enjoy it



The Perfect Host

DR. ZISKA, the chief fun-maker in "The Monster," was a host in himself. All alone in that great big house, except for a tongueless black giant who could say nothing but "bla-a-a," the venerable scientist sometimes got so lonely that it just seemed as if his heart would break.

So he used to tinker with a bridge which spanned a chasm near his estate, in order that automobile parties might be hurled (just in fun) down into the rocks. Then, while their surprise at this treatment was at its height, jolly old Doc Ziska would go down and get them and carry them up to his place in the woods ("Open-Hearth Manor," he used to call it) where he would first frighten them into insensibility and then strap them to an operating table.

On awakening and finding themselves in this position, they would laughingly ask what the idea was. At this point, the merry old scientist's sides would shake and that little twinkle would come into his eyes, and, placing one finger alongside his nose, he would confide to them that they were to be made the subjects for vivisection experiments. It seems that the Doc had got some idea into his funny old head that if he could cut open people while they were still alive and conscious he could solve several of the more prominent problems of the universe, in addition to giving everyone concerned a good time.

And, incidentally, when the patient looked up into the round, bulging eyes of mine host as he fingered the scalpel over the groaning board, it became evident that

not only was Dr. Ziska the soul of hospitality, but that he was also insane.

Cheero!



SUCH is a general outline of the thesis on which "The Monster" is built. You will either leave at the end of the first twenty minutes, disgusted, or you will stay until eleven o'clock, ashamed but twitching. Personally, I stayed until eleven. "A very bad show," I kept saying to myself, "full of absurd flaws, utterly worthless, a joke." And then I would laugh a little just to show that I knew it was a joke. Immediately following which a door would open by itself, or a hand would reach up out of a couch and grab a lady, or a man with no face would rise from a chair and stagger out of the room, and I would hide my face in the lap of the matron next to me and kick and scream until they took me out.

Wilton Lackaye, as the insistent host, gets practically everything out of the part that there is in it, and that is plenty. And McKay Morris does as pretty a back-flop as has been seen in several seasons. As in "The Bat," it has been thought necessary to intersperse heavy comedy throughout, Frank McCormack being the May Vokes of "The Monster." We complained bitterly of the May Vokes comedy when "The Bat" opened, and the play ran only two solid years.

R. C. B.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Cat and the Canary. *National.*—Terrific goings-on in a haunted house.

Fools Errant. *Masine Elliott.*—To be reviewed later.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Garrick.*—Andrejev's tragedy of the circus, beautifully produced.

The Monster. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Whispering Wires. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Murder mystery based on a charming scientific device for killing people.

The Woman Who Laughed. *Longacre.*—To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic.*—The kind of thing you thought people had stopped laughing at fifteen years ago.

Captain Applejack. *Cort.*—Wallace Edinger as the delightfully atavistic young man in search of adventure—which he gets.

Kempy. *Belmont.*—You can't go far wrong on this if you like amusing slices of home-life.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—Lenore Ulric in a vivid character portrayal, showing how a Parisian cocotte gets along.

Lights Out. *Vanderbilt.*—To be reviewed later.

Lonely Wives. *Eltinge.*—To be reviewed later.

Manhattan. *Playhouse.*—To be reviewed later.

Partners Again. *Selwyn.*—Potash and Perlmutter back in the old entente cordiale.

Shore Leave. *Lyceum.*—Frances Starr in a play which is perfectly characterized by the advertisement which calls it "a sea-goin' comedy."

So This Is London! *Hudson.*—To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador.*—Franz Schubert's melodies made into a score for those who like real music.

Chauve-Souris. *Century Roof.*—Russian vaudeville, simple and pleasing.

Molly Darling. *Liberty.*—To be reviewed later.

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—Almost a year old.

Scandals of 1922. *Globe.*—To be reviewed later.

Spice of 1922. *Winter Garden.*—Just a regular Winter Garden show.

Ziegfeld's Follies. *New Amsterdam.*—Unless you don't care what you do with your money, it is only a middling investment.

Russia's Roughest Composer

Tschaikovsky Should Be Played Outside City Limits

BY listening carefully I can tell instrumental music from vocal music. Of all instrumental music, I like Russian music best because it is loudest. It uses the entire orchestra, and I believe that if one has a symphony orchestra at his disposal one should use it. It irks me to see sixty or seventy union musicians on the platform, with only one violin going "Tweet, tweet, tweet." I may not know anything about music, but, having been born in the Loop district of Chicago, I know good noise when I hear it.

I am especially fond of Tschaikovsky, because he doesn't care what kind of music he writes. (I don't know much about him. I don't even know that I know how to spell his name; the linotype operator can start his finger at the lower lefthand corner of the keyboard and swish it diagonally upwards.) But I do like Tschaikovsky music. It may sound like Leon Errol offstage in a pantry, but I like it. I am always glad I have come to a symphony concert when there is a Tschaikovsky on the program, and this is saying a great deal for a layman who doesn't know the wind instruments from the lattice work under the orchestra platform.

I particularly enjoy Tschaik's *Finale Allegro con Fuoco* of his *Symphony No. 4* in F minor Op. 36.

That's a bear—a Russian bear.

It opens with a wreck on the inter-urban line between St. Petersburg and Moscow. A trainload of vodka tanks collides with a cargo of sky-rockets addressed to the Red troops.

It takes about five minutes for some of the freight cars to roll down to the bottom of the embankment and for the remainder to settle down across the main track for use later.

Then we have a characteristic Tschaikovsky lull of about three seconds in which we hear the "Papa love mamma?" motif for the first time. The answer is an emphatic "No!" Cannonading starts, and all the ceilings in the house fall down. Mamma, fortunately, is out in the back yard listening to the Fuller Construction Co. put up a couple of skyscrapers for Saturday night delivery. Several times during the *Finale Allegro con Fuoco* the question is repeated gently and the answer is always equally unequivocal.

Following the first introduction of the automatic riveter motif, an express train loaded with plumbing supplies crashes into the wreckage of the first part. Train dispatching is very careless to-night on the old St. P. & M. R. R. We have a series of at least fourteen wrecks during the *Finale Allegro con Fuoco*. I can't go into details.

We see delivery wagons from Wanamaker's and Macy's backing up to the orchestra platform with new instruments, zinc garbage cans and other paraphernalia prescribed in the Tschaikovsky score, and boys running out with broken bass violins.

Finally the cross-cut saw motif is heard faintly and then more distinct-

ly, and we see two musicians sawing the supports out from under the high orchestra platform.

Just as the fourteenth wreck occurs on the St. P. & M. R. R., the platform crashes and there is a horrible mess of musicians, instruments, clothes hampers, hot water boilers and other knick-knacks from Wanamaker's and Macy's.

Of course when you hear the average indoor symphony rendition of Tschaikovsky, it is a modified and emasculated version that you hear. The outdoor concerts are best for Tschaiky.

It costs money to play Tschaikovsky as ordered, but, oh, boy!

D. H.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY

No. 43. The Shaws, of Shaw-Walker, test the furniture before renting a summer place



Fishbein & Blintz Discuss *New York versus The Rest of the U. S.*

"I SEE in a New York paper where the Mayor of New York is beginning to be mentioned for President of the United States," Harris Fishbein remarked to his partner, Max Blintz, one morning recently.

"I suppose they say: 'Wouldn't it be terrible if the Mayor of New York should be President of the United States,' or 'Thank God the Mayor of New York ain't President of the United States,' or something like that, ain't it?" Max Blintz said.

"Say, the present Mayor of New York ain't the worst mayor New York ever had," Fishbein observed.

"I ain't never investigated the matter sufficient to make such a close decision as that would be, Fishbein," Blintz said, "but even if he was, y'understand, the next President wouldn't be inaugurated for three years, Fishbein, and people has got an awful short memory for names and faces even when they are connected up with reputations. Take all these here German generals and field marshals, which had such rotten reputations three years ago, Fishbein, and outside of Hindenburg and Ludendorff, y'understand, the names of all the rest of them don't mean no more to the average American citizen than if they would be a bunch of saloon keepers and delicatessen proprietors which had just been put out of business by Prohibition and a Sunday closing law."

"Well, anyhow, Blintz,"

Fishbein observed, "whether or not the present Mayor of New York is or ain't as good or bad as his friends and enemies would like to think,—and I don't think he *could* be, y'understand, nothing turns a Presidential possibility into a Presidential impossibility so quick as being a New Yorker. In fact, Blintz, New York has got altogether the wrong idea about the United States of America. New York thinks it is the dog and the rest of the country is the tail, whereas as far as the rest of the United States is concerned, New York ain't even a hair of the dog that bit them. Several million people living in New York has been separated from their habits and their families by the Prohibition Law and the Immigration

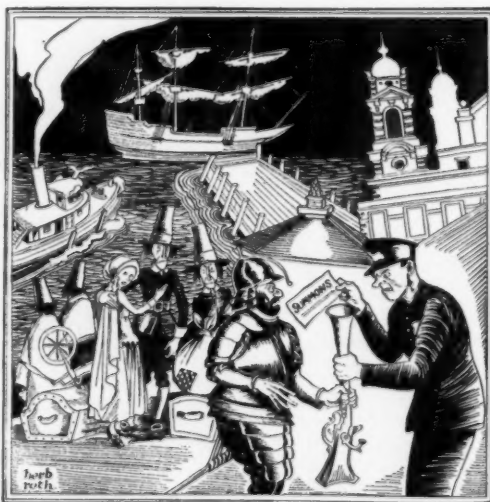
Restriction Law, and maybe it's just for that reason alone and maybe it *ain't*, Blintz, but with the people of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and a majority of the rest of the States, them two laws is more popular than all the other laws put together, and the biggest consolation the rest of the country has got for the Income Tax Law is that the people of New York City pays more income taxes than all the other cities of America."

"Well, it's a fifty-fifty proposition when it comes to the way the rest of the United States and New York looks at each other, Fishbein," Blintz said. "New York thinks that the United States of America ends at Van Cortlandt Park, whereas the rest of the United States thinks that except for famine sufferers, New York and Poland are practically one country and that anyone buying a ticket from New York for any point further west than Yonkers should ought to be examined as to whether he can read and write the English language and has intentions of becoming a Citizen."

"But do you think it would help the rest of the country to understand New York if we was to put up sign boards along the railroad tracks at the city limits, reading:

THIS IS NEW YORK
The Wichita of the East
A CITY OF HOMES—WATCH US
GROW

or maybe, Blintz, them sign boards should ought to read:



"They would be sent back on the return trip of the
Mayflower."



Nurse: Bobbie, don't you want to come in and see your new little sister?

Bobbie (engrossed in radio): What's the hurry? I suppose I'll see a lot of her all my life.

WELCOME TO NEW YORK The Gateway to Westchester County

New York City Contains 9,622,849 Delicatessen Stores (estimated) and over 38,658,031 Miles of Electric Street Railroad.

Erected by the Boost Manhattan Committee of the Allied Chambers of Commerce.

which I only suggest these things as a starter for a movement to make New York live up to the customs of the rest of the country, Blintz," Fishbein declared. "Because, Blintz, while the rest of the country has been celebrating National Fathers' Days, Mothers' Days and other Days with a Capital D, y'understand, it kind of takes the heart out of celebrating *Fathers' Day* and

Mothers' Day for several hundred thousand New Yorkers, when after they have been saving their money for years to bring their fathers and mothers from Europe, y'understand, the rest of the United States slaps a law on the statute books making a family reunion in such cases a misdemeanor instead of a holiday.

"Furthermore, Blintz," Fishbein continued, "it's difficult for them New Yorkers to understand why the rest of the United States is celebrating the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers three hundred years ago, the reason being because them good people showed such a wonderful spirit in getting away from persecution and hardship in the old country, y'understand, when if they was to land here to-day yet, they would be sent back on the return trip of the Mayflower and its owner fined a couple of hundred dollars for each and every Pilgrim Father deported."

Montague Glass.

The Chameleon

AS many selves have I
As the rooms I may be in.
Where flowered cretonnes fly
My soul plays harlequin,
While russet, book-lined walls
Turn me philosopher,
And spacious, shining halls
Create me courtier.

And so 'tis scarcely strange,
Since tapestry or light
Can thus my spirit change
From sage to Sybarite,
That even when I go
Through rooms bare, white and wee
I'm at a loss to know
Who my real self may be!

R. L. J.

Inflated Value

JACK (in museum): This collection of stuffed animals is said to be worth thousands of dollars.

FLO: Is it possible? What are they stuffed with?



Horoscope for This Week

TO-DAY marks the beginning of the veronal equinox (Lat. nightmare) and hence is a great day for sleeping late. Owing to the fact that a rapid lunar transit of Venus is offset by a sharp solar plexus of Saturn, the zodiac is more than usually excited and feverish, which makes for the prosperity of profiteers, politicians, second-story workers, and members of the Ku Klux Klan. A poor time is in store for Armenians, striking coal miners, revenue officers, and harness makers, who appear to be out of luck as long as the constellations remain what they are.

Those whose birthday it is are distinguished by moral idealism, and more often than not are good, clean home folks who realize that the voice with the smile wins and that the Golden Rule bears six per cent. interest compounded semi-annually. They must be on their guard, however, against indiscretion and deception, and if literate, not sign any

documents, petitions, or letters without considering how they would look in the Sunday magazine section of the Hearst papers.

Children born on this day will almost immediately be very fond of warm milk, and say all sorts of cute things up to the age of six.

E. E. P., Jr.

Do Not Delay

NOW is the time to begin to save money for Christmas. If one starts to save now he will be able to buy tickets for the World Series in October, the Yale-Harvard game in November, and redeem his winter overcoat. Indeed, the fellow who really appreciates the value of Christmas saving will soon have enough money to pay off the debts he contracted last Christmas time, thereby placing himself in a position to borrow enough to buy this year's presents.



"Isn't the country soothing, Arthur, after the noise and turmoil of the city?"

The Bolsheboche (Poor Poll!)

Now the Bolsheboche
Is quite
A henterprising
Bird,
With two fat 'eads,
Two faces,
And a voice
That's heard
In all the
Comiconferences
'Ere and there,
Demanding that we treat
Poor Poll quite fair.
Yes! Fair.

His "Bolshe" part
Is somewhat like the
Carrion crow;
'Is "boche" resembles
Nothing ornithog
We know.
His favorite drink
Is hydropolitic,
Dry, light.
In oxygenoa 'is
Long-wind lungs delight.
And naught on earth
Fulfils 'is pleasure
Like a fight!

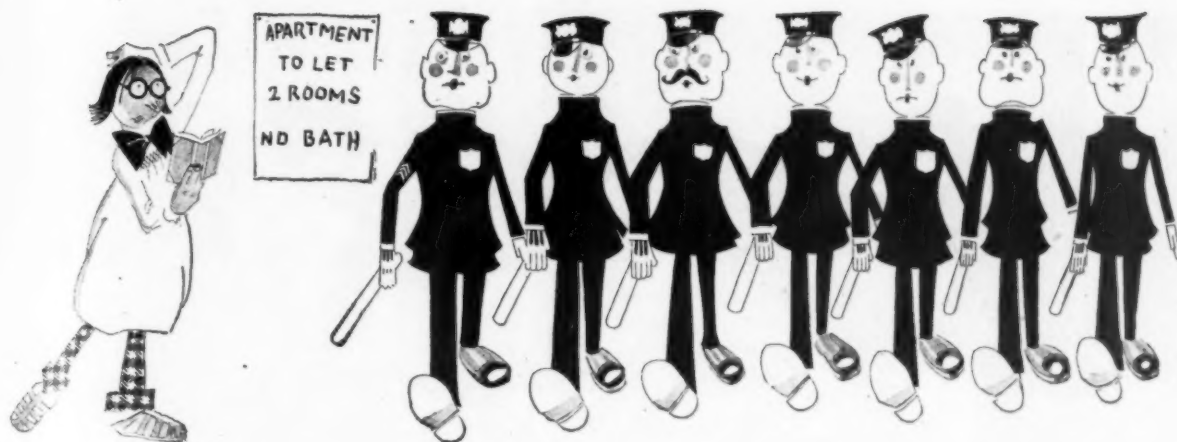
Now 'ere's the puzzling
Paradox of
Bolshe's battles;
The more 'e loses,
More victorious
Grow his wattles

'E dictates terms
To victors,—
Gets away with
It!
And with L.G.
That rara avis
Makes a hit.

The wise man
Notes the past
And dryly
Asks us all:
"W'ot haps
To those
That trust
The promise
Of Poor Poll?"

For 'aving been—
At Genoa—
The Nations' plague,
In 'Olland he's
Quite apt
To give us all
The 'Ague!"

J. U. M.



The Russian influence has always been apparent in Greenwich Village.

The march of the wooden soldiers in Chauve-Souris has its effect on the New York Police Parade.

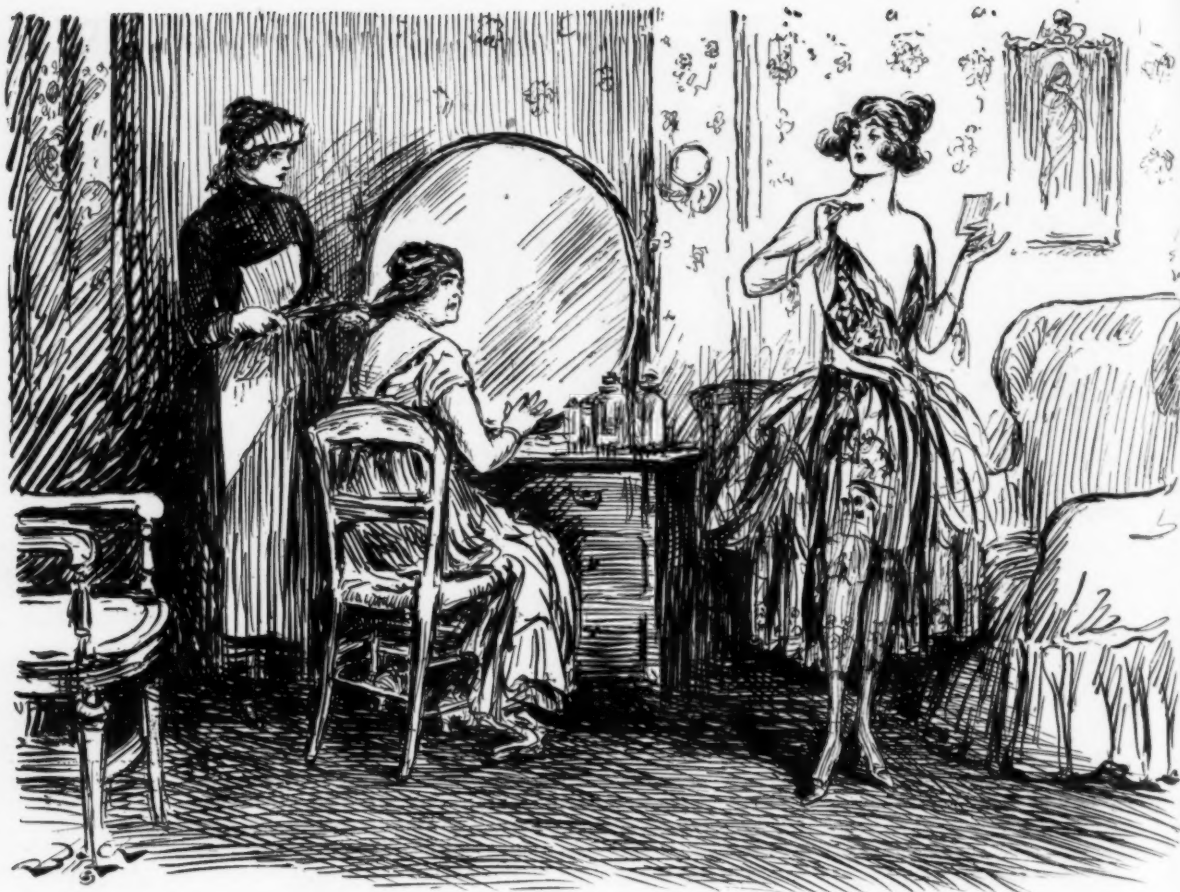


Crossing the steppes of Central Park past the Zoo.



When the younger set, tiring of the Fox Trot, take up the Jazatski.

The Russian influence is shown in women's fashions. But when it shows in men's fashions, oh! Vanity Fair!



Mother: Alice, it's absolutely shameful the way you dress for these parties.

Alice: But Mother, if I dressed the way you wanted me to, everyone would be looking at me.

First Aid to Overcrowded Colleges

A LOT of us loyal alumni have been getting our heads together over the newest crisis that confronts our respective *alma matres* (we looked that up and believe we have the Latin of it right). It is a different sort of crisis from the kind we have been used to. As loyal alumni we used to get periodical appeals to induce bright young men of our acquaintance to attend college. Now it is the other way around. As we understand it, the colleges are getting overpopulated, and their problem is how to restrict the size of student bodies without hurting anybody's feelings.

We held a number of meetings, went to considerable expense for refreshments, and discussed the matter with our customary thoroughness. The upshot of it was that we prepared three solutions, or plans, for what we have tactfully termed selec-

tive enrolment, and are getting them in shape so that any college needing help along this line can have it free of charge. Here they are in tabloid form:

I. The Quota Plan

We borrowed this idea from the popular and successful federal immigration code which is doing so much to build up cordial international relations. Each college would divide prospective students into classes and would accept only a fixed percentage of each class. As, for instance, 11 per cent. of Smiths (including Smyths and Smythes), 58 per cent. of halfbacks, 3 per cent. of second tenors, 19 per cent. of sons of graduates prior to the class of '98.

II. The City Club Plan

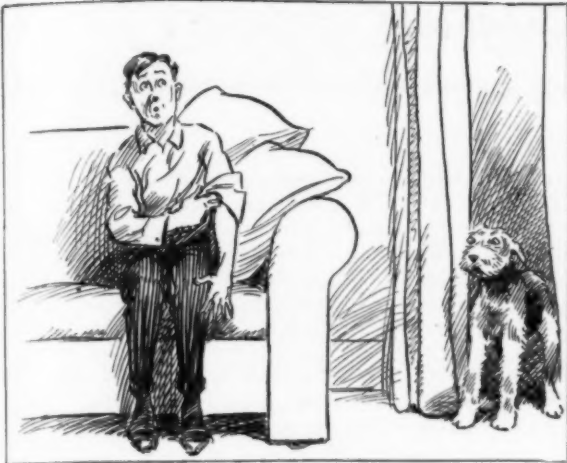
To be eligible for admission, a prospective student would have to be

proposed by an alumnus in good standing and seconded by at least two others. A Committee on Admissions, to consist of the Dean, the head coach of each of the major sports, and the Oldest Living Graduate, would act on all applications. If the college is co-educational, the committee would have to include Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld.

III. The Edison Questionnaire Plan

All existing entrance examinations would be scrapped, and Mr. Thomas A. Edison retained, with the title of Honorary Provost, to prepare new lists of questions. Any applicant giving 50 per cent. or more of correct answers to these questions would be forever debarred from registering as a student.

S. K.



To begin with, do not let the dog suspect your purpose.



If he gains an inkling of your designs on him he may be hard to catch.



Only with extreme patience and self-control can you inveigle him into a well-filled tub.



And by the time your dog is well dried with a turkish towel you will need a bath yourself.



After you have completed your toilet, the dog, if he is like any of our own, will—



Be in a condition that will entail a repetition of the above.

● Advice on Giving a Dog a Bath

Tommashevsky the Bootblacksky

or

Easesky at Lastsky

By Horatiev Algorsky

ON the hard pavement of the Clatternitch Driveoff was heard the ringing of horses' hoofs.

Looking up from the copy of "Das Kapital," which he was reading with deep interest, Tommashevsky Tommashevskyvitch, sometimes called Tommashevsky Tommashevskyvitch, the Bootblacksky, for short, saw a dashing carriage, drawn by two fiery steeds and manned by two stalwarts in the hated livery of the rich. A young lady almost buried in her fur coat was seated in solitary state. Beautiful was not the word for her. Ugly would have been nearer to it, but still inadequate.

Instantly Tommashevsky was filled with a burning resentment.

"Aristocrats!" he hissed, being

one of the most accomplished hissers this side of hysteria. "They have presented me with their bootskies often enough and wiped them on me, but they never let me shinesky them."

Two more syllables and Tommashevsky would have broken his own record for hissing, but he was a bit off form that day.

Just as he was about to turn back to his volume, for he knew that the revolution was coming to bring ease to everyone, Tommashevsky heard a long-drawn cry of horror.

"Help!" screamed the lady for whom beautiful was not the word.

In an instant our hero saw what was the matter. Some one had thrown a bomb in the path of the carriage.

Stopping only to pick up a still glowing cigar butt, our hero rushed to where the horses stood lepaged in horror. One glance showed him that the fuse no longer sputtered.

"Bunglers!" he hissed again, caring nothing for technique in his excitement.

With a quick, deft movement he touched the glowing cigar butt to the blackened fuse. Then he ran away.

He stopped at the curbing.

"Bang!" went the bomb, now fulfilling its true mission, and there was the grandest little explosion you ever heard, unless you had a bungalow at Black Tom, N. J., a few years ago.

"Well done, Tommashevsky," said
(Continued on page 29)



"Now there! We've missed the boat. I hope ye're satisfied—daddlin' along 'zif yer had the whole week ahead o' yer!"

The Conspicuous Success of the Year

Where Luxury and Economy Meet

THE genius of quantity production—as applied to the automobile—has this for its greatest achievement:

It has made possible a car of unimpeachable good taste and sterling performance at impressively low cost.

The Chandler Company was a pioneer in this development. It brought out the first light six nine years ago and inaugurated a great forward movement.

Its ideals attain their ultimate in the new Chandler car.

Here a body of beauty is united to a chassis of might, and for small outlay the owner assures himself years of satisfactory service.

Every transportation need is met in the ten superb models.

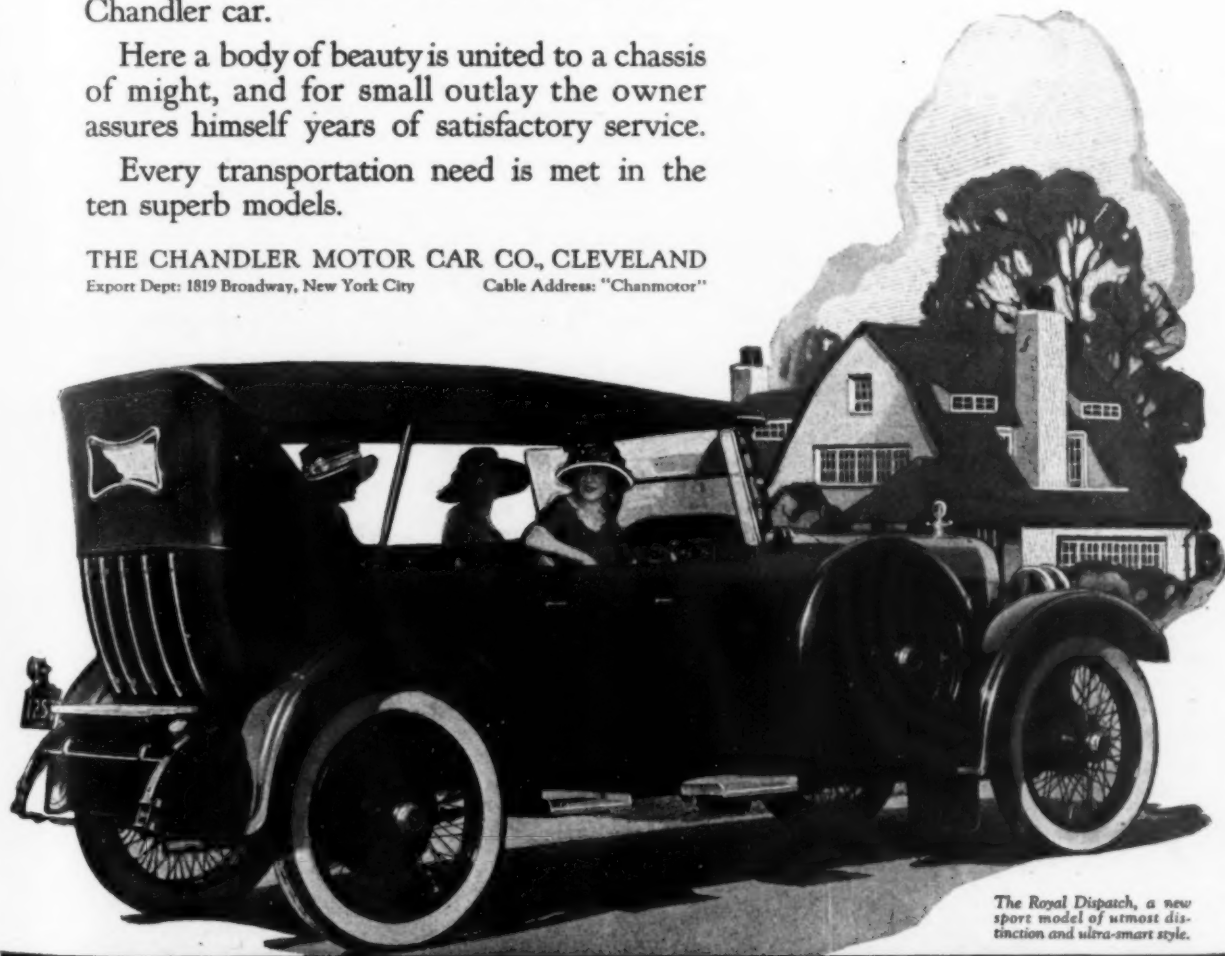
THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO., CLEVELAND
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New, Low Prices

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TO
\$2375

F. O. B. CLEVELAND



The Royal Dispatch, a new sport model of utmost distinction and ultra-smart style.

CHANDLER SIX

THE SILENT DRAMA



"The Eternal Flame"

AFTER a sultry spell which has yielded, since early in June, only three pictures of any real consequence, it is a genuine pleasure to be able to step forth and hail a worth-while effort on the screen.

"The Eternal Flame" is Norma Talmadge's latest picture—and, incidentally, just about her best. Not only does she herself contribute a remarkably finished performance, but she is equipped with a good cast, excellent direction and a fine story.

This last element may be traced back to Balzac, who has written for the screen, before. It is his novel, "La Duchesse de Langeais," which provides the main backbone of the plot in "The Eternal Flame." The story has been considerably garnished with sub-titles and situations by Frances Marion, but it remains essentially sound.

Frank Lloyd directed the picture, and Conway Tearle is the leading man. They have both performed their tasks in acceptable fashion. Mr. Lloyd is becoming one of the leaders in the directorial field, and the movie-going population can look forward hopefully to his production of "Oliver Twist," in which Jackie Coogan is playing the title rôle.

Although "The Eternal Flame" is a costume drama, of the type that is supposed to be taboo with our erudite exhibitors, I believe that it will prove to be highly successful; and deservedly, for it represents the ideal combination of story, setting and star.

"The Bonded Woman"

THERE are three stars in "The Bonded Woman"—or, rather,

one planet and two attendant moons. Betty Compson is the principal luminary, with Richard Dix and John Bowers stationed in the near background.

This is all very well—on paper. Miss Compson, Mr. Dix and Mr. Bowers are competent performers, and the three of them should be able to work together effectively. But only in a story that provides them with a legitimate opportunity. "The Bonded Woman" does not. It is essentially a two-character picture, and three prove to be very much of a crowd.

The result is that the idea has been twisted around, and prolonged unnecessarily in order that one of the stars, Mr. Dix, may not be left out in the cold at the finish.

Had it not been for this, "The Bonded Woman" might have been a good picture. Under the circumstances, however, it must be listed as a miss.

"Just Tony"

TWO weeks ago this department announced that it would walk two miles to see a Tom Mix film. Having seen his new picture, "Just Tony," I am in a position to O. K. this seemingly rash statement.

"Just Tony" is not so much concerned with Mr. Mix himself as with his horse, whose name appears in the title. "Tony" deserves the publicity. He is a marvelous animal—comparable to the great police dog, "Strongheart," who starred in "The Silent Call," and to the walrus in "Nanook of the North."

Sometimes it seems to the non-professional eye that unspoiled children and unspoiled animals are the finest movie actors of all.

"Voices of the City"

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that there is a reason for everything in this round old world of ours—and so, doubtless, there is a reason for the melodrama entitled, "Voices of the City."

But don't ask me what it is. I don't know.

The plot is so frightfully involved that the pantomimic efforts of Lon Chaney, Leatrice Joy and Cullen Landis are absolutely wasted. No one can tell what they are driving at—or why. Although one of them is always being plotted against, or coveted, or framed, or shot at, there is no apparent sense behind these villainous activities.

"Voices of the City" may possibly possess the germ of a good idea, but nobody wants to look at a motion picture through a microscope.

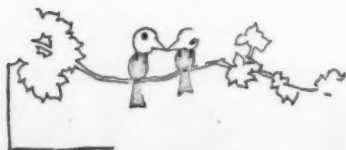
Omission

Your correspondent has made three determined efforts to fight his way into the theatre where "Blood and Sand" (not to mention Rodolph Valentino) is on exhibition, but has met so far with nothing but rebuffs.

If the box-office rush is relaxed sufficiently to permit me to get past the ropes around the standee corral, I shall review "Blood and Sand" in the September 14th issue of LIFE, together with "Nice People," "The Masquerader" and anything else that comes along.

As next week's issue is the Sunday Edition, the Silent Drama reviews will be omitted; but at the moment of limping to press, the general opinion seems to be that no one will notice their absence.

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Tommashevsky The Bootblacksky

(Continued from page 26)

a man standing near by, patting the brave bootblacksky on the shoulder. "I will not forget."

Then he vanished in the crowd and our hero saw no more of him until ten years later, when he was summoned to the Kremlin and given his reward.

"I did not forget, Tommashevsky Tommashevskyvitch," smiled the man who had praised the brave lad a decade before. "You are to get your reward now. You will have charge of the bootskies of the First Red Army. Every time our gallant soldiers want a shinessky, you will give them one yourself."

And now Tommashevsky is one of the most envied men in all Russia. He never has a thing to do.

J. K. M.

A Mild Affair

"Was Dourgan's party much?"

"No! All but one were back at work next day."

The best way to get civil service is by waiting on oneself.

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Not in the Dictionary

She wrote him a note which read: "Dear John—Meet me at the trysting place at 6:30 this evening, without fale." And John answered: "In that lexicon of youth which fate has reserved for a bright manhood there is no such word as 'fale'."—*Topeka Capital*.

Art Authority

"Do you approve of a government censorship for the theater?"

"No," replied Miss Cayenne. "Politics in business hasn't been enough of a success to encourage the idea of politics in art."—*Washington Star*.

Head On

A road sign reads: "Drive slow; you might meet a fool." A better sign, in some instances, would be: "Drive slow; two fools might meet."

—*Florida Times-Union*.

"Why does Maud look so crestfallen?"
"She jumped at a conclusion and it wasn't there."—*Boston Transcript*.



"Poor stuff, beer, nowadays—what?"
"You're right—I wouldn't be seen drowned in it."—*London Opinion*.

A Poor Cure

A man with a bad impediment in his speech consulted a stammering specialist. After twelve lessons he could say without hesitating: "A couple of cups of coffee in a copper coffee pot." His friends congratulated him on this achievement. "Y-yess," said the sufferer, doubtfully, "of course, it's a p-point. B-b-but I f-find it j-j-jolly d-d-difficult to w-work into a chat on t-t-turf m-m-matters or the I-Irish s-s-situation."—*London Morning Post*.

Tending the Furnace

Mose: "Whut you doin' f'r a livin' now, big boy?"

Hose: "I is the janitor on a boat."

"G'wan away—boats ain't got'n no janitors."

"Is too—this is a flat boat."

—*Stanford Chaparral*.

A Natural Deduction

"This is the worst town for gossip I ever lived in."

"H'm! What have you been doing?"

—*Kansas City Star*.

OUR idea of a good talker is a summer vacationist who can borrow from a stay-at-home enough money for a sea trip.
—*Dallas News*.

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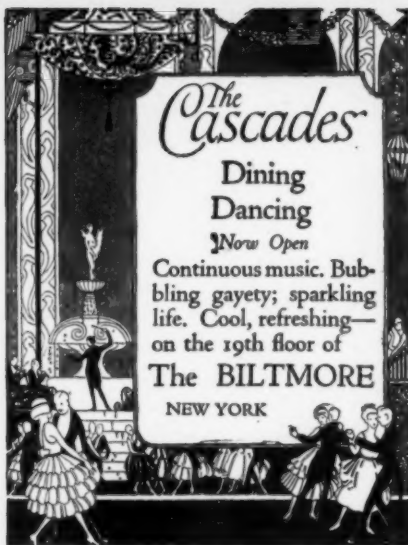
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The SUNDAY EDITION will be issued, oddly enough, on Sunday—September 3rd. The price is a mere fifteen cents. You will do well to order a copy from your newsdealer now.



The Poor Fish

Strong language mars a poet's lays,
Yet I must say pooh-pooh and pish
To him who coined that senseless phrase,
"Poor fish."

"Poor fish," indeed. What happier lot
For harried mortal could there be—
To tenant some sub-aqueous grot
Rent free!

Where bill collectors can not pass;
Where weather forecasts never
change;
"Continued wet" foretelling all
Their range.

"Poor fish!" He snaps his fins at dress,
Golf jackets, sacks and swallow tails;
Nor stays in bed the while they press
His scales.

* * *

Rich fish! While envying his days,
So blessed with all the heart could
wish,
I dub the maker of the phrase
Poor fish.—*Toronto Weekly Star.*



"FOR THE WIND IS IN THE
PALM TREES—"

"Shay, policeman, is it a fact the buses
have stopped runnin' from the Bank to
Mandalay?"

—*Bert Thomas, in The Sketch*
(London).

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Football with a Golden Text

Little Earl, aged three, lived near a certain college campus, and he was much excited last fall over the football games.

One day he placed a football that had been given him between his sturdy legs and leaned over it as he had seen the centre do. Then for a moment he was stumped. He knew that the players called out something before the ball was put into play, but he had no idea what it was. All he could think of was his Sunday-school text; so he called out, "Be ye kind one to another—go!" and gave the ball a vigorous punch.

—*Youth's Companion.*

No Cloud Pusher

"How high are we now?" asked the timorous passenger.

"About 4,000 feet," said the aviator.
"I haven't begun to climb yet."

"I don't know whether or not I mentioned it before we hopped off," quavered the passenger, "but I'm not at all ambitious."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Ornithological Note

We hear of a pair of robins that have nested within a few feet of a blacksmith's anvil. Their extraordinary intelligence told them that to nest on the anvil itself would be to risk having their eggs smashed.—*Punch.*

No Economist

CLERK (trying for a raise): I can't live on my salary, sir.

EMPLOYER: Well, I'm sorry to hear that. I was about to promote you to the head of our economy department.
—*Boston Transcript.*

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False Alarm

Down along the Miami River in Florida the natives are not usually easily scared, but one night the conversation turned to spirit manifestations and one man spoke up:

"Don't believe in them," he stated, "but I did once. One night I wakes up in my cabin and hears somethin' sloosh-in' across the floor. Spooks, I thinks. It was so creepy-like. Scared? Well, I reckon. But I gets the nerve to crawl out of bed an' to light a match and then I'm cert'nly plumb ashamed of myself an' I ain't never believed in spirits since.

"Why, it weren't nothin' in the world except jest a big, common, mean, sneaky rattlesnake."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Etiquette Extraordinary

Tommy's mother gave him a book on etiquette instead of the usual Robinson Crusoe.

It thereafter became a pretty fragment of English home life until Tommy's sister, in attempting to leave the room one day, found herself clutched by the hand and flung violently backwards into the coal scuttle.

"You ignorant little beast," protested Tommy, "don't you know that a gentleman should open the door for you?"

—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

A True Native Son

The San Francisco man was speaking. "I do not believe in all this 'boots' business," he said. "There is too much brag about it. Especially I do not believe in running down other cities, other parts of the country. We should not do it. It is not modest and is likely to arouse jealousy. But I will say this much for San Francisco. Wherever you go from here it is worse."

—*Argonaut.*

A Poser

A kindly-looking old gentleman was stopped by a very little girl carrying a parcel.

"Please, sir," she said politely, "is this the second turning to the left?"

—*Tit-Bits (London)*

MARRIED MAN (to friend): You bachelors don't feel comfortable either at home or when you're away. Get married and you'll at least feel comfortable when you're away.

—*Sondags-Nisse (Stockholm).*

"He's an excellent driver."

"Auto, golf, or charity fund?"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

When Lincoln Was A Barefoot Boy—



EVERY scrap of printed paper that came to his hands was a treasure trove. He read it eagerly—conning every line—getting every worth while word.

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Nowadays new comforts and conveniences slip into our lives almost without our realizing it. We are liable to be rather matter-of-fact about it all. And advertising that has made it simpler to make and distribute profitably innumerable products at reasonable prices, has played a leading part in making our life so eminently easy to live.

Read over the advertisements and try to think what the things you see there would have meant to our forefathers. Then you'll realize what a service and what a convenience advertising is to you.

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Gee. Bee. Are.

LIFE'S Advertising Manager, Madison Avenue, No. 598, New York
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Old Mother Hubbard

What did she do? She visited her storehouse because of an unselfish and wholly worthy desire to feed her dog. And you know what happened. There was nothing on hand. History stops the story right there. As to what became of Old Mother Hubbard and her dog, their disappointments and subsequent difficulties, not a word remains. The dog and his mistress were evidently up against it, but to what further extent is not related. What is the relationship between the Old Mother Hubbard tale and life insurance? The analogy is very obvious, for while we are not absolutely certain, the suspicion exists that there was an Old Father Hubbard, who, however loving and unselfish a husband he may have been, had one fatal fault—he forgot about “Afterwards,” that greatest of all words. He did not prepare. He neglected to look ahead, and departed on the long, long trail leaving a wife, a dog, a family and a much depleted cupboard as a prop to windward. The Old Mother Hubbard tale may have been humorously intended for the little folks, but think it over—there’s a real lesson in it for the Prudent. An empty cupboard gets you nowhere in life.

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